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TRUTH,

IN

RHYME.

[Price One Shilling.]

APR 22 1955

TRUTH,

IN

RHYME:

ADDRESSED TO

a certain NOBLE LORD.

LONDON:
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MDCCLXI.

APR

Advertiſement.

THE following extract from his Majeſty's Speech to both Houſes of Parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the nobleſt introduction to a poem of the firſt merit, is peculiarly ſuitable to introduce this. However unequal theſe verſes may be to the ſubject they attempt to adorn, this ſingular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the ſame time, be the fulleſt and beſt explanation of the Author's meaning, on a theme ſo intereſting and uncommon. The words are theſe.

March

March 3, 1761.

* * * In conſequence of the act paſſed in the reign of My late glorious Predeceſſor, King WILLIAM the Third, for ſettling the ſucceſſion to the Crown in My Family, the commiſſions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour. But, notwithſtanding that wiſe proviſion, their offices have determined upon the demiſe of the Crown, or at the expiration of ſix months afterwards, in every inſtance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightneſs of the Judges of the land as eſſential to the impartial adminiſtration of Juſtice; as one of the beſt ſecurities to the rights and liberties of My

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loving

loving ſubjects; and as moſt conducive to the honor of the Crown. And I come now to recommend this intereſting object to the conſideration of Parliament; in order that ſuch farther proviſion, as ſhall be moſt expedient, may be made, for ſecuring the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithſtanding any ſuch demiſe.

TRUTH,

BRITISH MUSEUM
22 55
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ASTREA, eldeſt born of JOVE,
Whom all the Gods revere and love,
Was ſent, while man deſerv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there;
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till ſick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native ſky ſhe flew.

There, ſtation'd in the *Virgin-ſign*,
She long has ceas'd on earth to ſhine;
Or if, at times, ſhe deigns a ſmile,
'Tis chief o'er *Britain's* favor'd iſle.

FOR there — her eye with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleaſure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The PATRON of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues moſt reſort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him ſeated on a throne!

BRITISH MUSEUM 22 APR 55

What

What fables paint, what poets ſing,
She found in fact --- a *Patriot-King!*

But as a ſight, ſo nobly new,
Deſerv'd, ſhe thought, a nearer view;
To where, by ſilver-ſtreaming *Thames*,
Aſcends the palace of *St. James*,
Swift thro ſurrounding ſhades of night,
The Goddeſs ſhot her beamy flight.
She ſtop'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her Favorite, where he lay,
In ſweet repoſe: o'er all his face,
Repoſe ſhed ſofter bloom and grace!

But fearful left her ſun-bright glare
Too ſoon might wake him into care,
(For ſplendid toils and weary ſtate
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The ſtream of circling rays to ſhroud,
She drew an interpoſing cloud.

In all the ſilence of ſurprize,
She gaz'd him o'er! She ſaw ariſe,
For Gods can read the human breaſt,
Her own idea there impreſt!
And that his plan, to bleſs mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,

May ſtory's whiteſt page adorn,
May ſhine thro nations yet unborn,
She calls URANIA to her aid.

AT once, the fair ethereal *Maid*,
Daughter of MEMORY and JOVE,
Deſcending quits her lawrel'd grove:
Looſe to the gale her azure robe;
Borne, in her left, a ſtarry globe,
Where each ſuperior ſon of fame
Will find inſcrib'd his deathleſs name;
Her right ſuſtains th' immortal lyre,
To praiſe true merit, or inſpire.

BEHOLD ---- ASTREA thus began ——

The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reaſon ſee, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the ſoul of truth!
With love of juſtice, tender ſenſe
For ſuffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign
On one ſole maxim, wiſe and plain ----
Tho plain, how ſeldom underſtood!
That, to be great, he muſt be good.
His breaſt is open to your eye;
Approach, URANIA, mark, and try.
This boſom needs no thought to hide:
This virtue dares our ſearch abide.

The

THE ſacred fountains to ſecure
Of *Juſtice*, undiſturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to ſtain their courſe;
That *theſe* may flow ſerene and free,
The Law muſt independent be;
Her Miniſters, as in my ſight,
And mine alone, diſpenſing right;
With temper, firm, with ſpirit, ſage,
The MANSFIELDS of each future age.

AND this prime bleſſing is to ſpring
From *Youth* in purple! from a *King!*

Who,

Who, true to his imperial truſt,
His greatneſs founds in being juſt;
Prepares, like yon aſcending ſun,
His glorious race with joy to run;
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bleſs the world he lights and chears!

SUCH worth with equal voice to ſing,
URANIA, ſtrike thy boldeſt ſtring;
And *Truth*, whoſe voice alone is praiſe,
That here inſpires, ſhall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With ſounds that monarchs rarely hear.

He

He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.

SHE ended; and the heaven-born *Maid*
With ſoft ſurprize his form ſurvey'd.
The ſmile now glowing on his cheek,
His God-like purpoſe ſeem'd to ſpeak;
But native chaſtity of thought
Within his ſtainleſs boſom wrought.
She paus'd; ſhe fix'd her ſober eye
On earth; then offer'd this reply.

NOR pomp of ſong, nor paint of art,
Such truths ſhould to the world impart.

My taſk is but, in ſimple verſe,
Theſe promis'd wonders to rehearſe:
And when on theſe our verſe we raiſe,
The plaineſt is the nobleſt praiſe.

YET more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would ſuch a Prince permit my ſtrains?
Deſerving, but ſtill ſhunning fame,
The homage due he might diſclaim.
A Prince, who rules, to ſave, mankind,
His praiſe would, in their virtue, find;
Would deem their ſtrict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his beſt applauſe.

Then, *Britons*, your juſt tribute bring,
In *deeds*, to emulate your King;
In *virtues*, to redeem your age
From venal views and party rage.
On his example ſafely reſt;
He calls, he courts you to be bleſt;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of *juſt* and *right*.

My part is laſt; if *Britain* yet
A *Lover* boaſts of truth and wit,
To *Him* theſe grateful lays to ſend,
The *Monarch's* and the *Muſe's* friend;

And whoſe fair name, in ſacred rhymes,
My voice may give to lateſt times.

SHE ſaid; and after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a ſcore,
To ſtrike at once all ſcandal mute,
The Goddeſs found, and fix'd on BUTE.

THE END.